

O S E



H Z V E.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART, — TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1805.

ESSAYS.

THE PASSENGER—No. XVII.

To fortify thy son, 'gainst ills which must arise,
Let virtue shield his heart, and knowledge make him wise.

FROM a natural fondness for novelty, and an acquired taste for books, I have imbibed a habit of looking into them, whenever they fall in my way; insomuch that the practice has become in a manner involuntary, and my hand as mechanically extends itself to a volume which happens to be within my reach, as when charged with fruit, it does to my mouth. On being called to breakfast, Mr. BLUNT had laid down a book which he had been perusing; and I improved the first opportunity of looking into it, when my attention was arrested by an elegant emblematical engraving, pasted on the inside of the cover, with the words SCAVANT LIBRARY, in a festoon. Before I had examined the contents of the volume, I requested Mr. BLUNT to inform me of the design of the engraving, and of the words above mentioned. He replied that the engraving was an ingenious device conceived by Mr. SCAVANT, the donor of the library, designed to represent by symbolical allusions, the advantages of cultivating the understanding. Of the three human figures in that quarter, said he, you will observe that one of them holds an open book in his right hand, and a *bridle* in his left, with which he is guiding the two others; one of whom is bearing an *axe*, and the other a *vessel of water*; you must also take notice that each of the two last, has one *foot* upon a *volume*. The open book in the hand of the first, is expressive of his having improved his mind by study. The books under the feet of the others, are designed to express their contempt for knowledge. The bridle is designed to shew the power which he who possesses information acquires over those who despise it, whereby he guides them as he pleases. The *axe* and the *vessel of water* are strong figures of the servile state of the ignorant, representing them as hewers of wood, and drawers of water, to the intelligent and well informed.

In the opposite quarter, said he, you see the figure of an old man, sitting at his com-

fort with his right hand resting on a large folio, which is shut up; and from above, are rays of light, descending on his head. By the resting of his hand on the book, is represented the benefit which he has received from reading and study. The book being closed, shews that his labor of study now ceases, while the rays of light which surround his head, and the easy position in which he reclines, are figurative of the happiness to be enjoyed in the decline of life, by those who spend the *early* part of it in mental improvement, and of the relation which this happiness may be supposed to bear, to that expected by the good in another state of being.

I thanked Mr. BLUNT, for the particular description he had given me, and observed that it was the most expressive device for a library that I had ever met with, which testified much study as well as ingenuity.

But, said he, the study of the munificent donor did not end here, for he took pains before his death, to form a system for establishing libraries on very different principles from any hitherto known, whereby communities more or less populous, may find the means of producing libraries of extensive value and use, by very light taxes on the proprietors. This system is worth your perusal, and if you will take a walk with me to-morrow, I will show it to you. To this proposition I readily gave my assent. He then observed, that in the establishment of the *Scavant Library*, there were some difficulties of a nature as singular as probably were ever suggested or witnessed by rational beings; but, said he, as I have business out, I must defer giving you an account of them until evening.

Through the engagements of the day, I could not chase from my mind, the device I had been viewing. It led me to a variety of reflections upon this subject, and set me wondering why so great a proportion of my fellow creatures, should heedlessly overlook advantages so essential, and so easily obtained. The bridle, the axe, and the water vessel, were articles of mental traffic, with which I was busily employed.

On every person with whom I had any transaction I bestowed one of the three, in

imagination; and even as I passed the streets, customers appeared for great numbers of them, but especially of the two latter. Now and then I met a man who held his head so high, and took such long and stately strides, that it was out of my power to refuse him a bridle; but by the best computation I could make, at least a waggon load of the other instruments would have been necessary, for us many bridles as might have been stowed in my surtout pocket, if they had been in substance.

At length the evening arrived, when Mr. BLUNT accordingly to his promise, gave me the following account.

Mr. SCAVANT, from whom our library takes its name, was a gentleman of a liberal mind, and independent fortune. By his will, he bequeathed the greater part of his property to the nearest relations he could find, as he had no children. His books, with a certain lot of land, and six thousand dollars in cash, he gave to the city, on condition, that within two years of his decease, the money should be appropriated to the purpose of erecting a building, for a public library on the lot he had given: otherwise the books, land and cash, would become the property of certain legatees named in the will. Soon after his decease, the citizens were called together to appoint agents for carrying the design into execution. It was advocated at the meeting, that the appointment of agents was a secondary consideration; that the first object of discussion, which properly became before them was, whether the offer should be accepted. As few had a doubt of the readiness with which the proposal would be received, it was agreed that this question should be first decided. A debate then arose, in which a number of arguments were offered against accepting the donation. These arguments were answered by remarks, that the donation was extremely liberal, and that the terms on which the library was to be established were equally so, as they admitted persons of small income to become proprietors. The opposition then replied, that this very liberality was an evil of extensive magnitude, for the books would be at the command of every person for a very small fee,

whereby the wives and children of those who had no time to spare, would be seduced into the habit of reading, to the very great injury of their husbands and families; and that sometimes the husbands themselves would be led into the same pernicious practice, to the great loss of their time, which was their living. Now, said they, we cannot give our consent to an establishment which shall be injurious to the industrious and useful classes of our citizens, whom we love so dearly, that we would give our fortunes and our lives for their good.

It was soon discovered that the principle arguments of the opposition arose from two persons whose houses stood on lots adjoining that on which the building was to be erected, and it was pretty evident that there would be a large majority in favor of accepting the donation, although the building might, in a small measure, injure the prospect from the windows of the two neighboring houses. This appearance called up all the energy of the opposers, but none of their arguments carried much weight, until one of them very ingeniously urged the following: There is not an individual in this meeting, said he, who is not informed of the strong attachment which the late Mr. SCAVANT had to books; they were his amusement, his employment, his food; and in short, his life. Whatever thus becomes the very soul of a man in his lifetime, will undoubtedly employ his spirit after death. So sure, as this library is erected, and his books deposited therein, the building will continually be haunted by his ghost, and the whole city will be kept in perpetual terror. Our children will be afraid to go to bed alone, and the domestics fearing to spend the evening in the kitchen by themselves, must be introduced into the parlour. One half of the family must set up all night to watch the rest of them; and instead of the activity of business, which this city has always witnessed, our citizens will be spending their whole time in bearing and repeating terrific accounts,

Until the order of the day.

Is nought but terror and dismay.

Here the orator ceased, when a considerable silence ensued; and although the transaction was five and twenty years ago, said Mr. BLUNT, I perfectly remember, that on looking round, I observed many countenances with a death like paleness, which proved the influence of this weighty argument, and intimated the tendency which it was found afterwards to have upon the decision. Upon calling the vote, a bare majority appeared for accepting the donation. By this majority, the question was carried, and the agents were appointed, who faithfully performed their duty in fulfilling the design of the testator. From that time, to the present, our library has been in use and increasing, without a single appearance of

the ghost. The minds of our industrious classes have been much improved by the establishment; and at this day, they are so much in the habit of thinking and acting on rational principles, that every bug bear argument, tending to frighten people from deciding according to the dictates of common sense, is in a ludicrous style, denominated SCAVANT'S GHOST.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS,

BY HIMSELF, IN A LETTER TO DR. MOORE.

[Continued from Page 113.]

MY father's generous master died: the farm proved a ruinous bargain and to clinch the misfortune, we fell into the hands of a factor who sat for the picture I have drawn in my *tale of two dogs*. My father was advanced in life when he was married; I was the eldest of seven children; and he, worn out by early hardships, was unfit for labor. My father's spirit was soon irritated but not easily broken. There was a freedom in his lease in two years more; and to weather these two years, we retrenched our expenses. We lived very poorly, I was a dexterous ploughman for my age; and the next eldest to me was a brother (Gilbert) who could drive the plough very well, and help me to thrash the corn. A novel writer might, perhaps, have viewed these scenes with some satisfaction, but so did not I; my indignation yet boils at the recollection of the s—l factor's insolent threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears.

This kind of life—the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley slave, brought me to my sixteenth year: a little before which period I first committed the sin of rhyme. You know our country customs of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labors of harvest. In my sixteenth autumn, my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language, but you know the Scottish idiom; she was a *bonnie, sweet, sounie lass*. In short, she altogether unwittingly to herself initiated me into that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointments, gin-horn prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell; yet medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c. but I never expressly said I loved. Indeed I did not know myself why. I liked so much to loiter behind with her when returning in the evening from our labors: why the tones of her voice made my heart strings thrill like an *Æolian harp*; and particularly, why my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to

pick out the cruel nettle stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly; and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted to give an embodied vehicle in my rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song which was said to be composed by a country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for excepting he could sheer sheep, and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholar craft than myself.

Thus with me began love and poetry; which at times have been my only, and, until within the last twelve months, have been my highest enjoyment. My father struggled on until he reached the freedom of his lease when he entered on a larger farm, about ten miles further in the country. The nature of the bargain he made, was such as to throw a little ready money into his hands at the commencement of the lease, otherwise the affair would have been impracticable. For four years we lived comfortably here; but a difference commencing between him and his landlord as to terms, after three years tossing and whirling in the vortex of litigation, my father was just saved from the horrors of a jail, by a consumption, which, after two years promises, kindly stepped in, and carried him away to where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.

It is during the time that we lived on this farm that my story is most eventful. I was at the beginning of this period, perhaps, the most ungainly awkward boy in the parish—no solitaire was less acquainted with the ways of the world. What I knew of ancient story was gathered from Salmon's & Guthrie's Geographical Grammars; and the ideas I had formed of modern manners, of literature, and criticism, I got from the Spectator. These with Pope's Works, some plays of Shakespeare, Tulli and Dickinson on Agriculture. The Pantheon, Looke's Essay on the Human Understanding, Stakhouse's History of the Bible, Justice's British Gardener's Dictionary, Bayle's Lectures, Allan Ramsay's Works, Tayler's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin. A select collection of English songs, and Harvey's Meditations, had formed the whole of my reading. The collection of songs was my *vade mecum*—I pored over them driving my cart, or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender or sublime, from affection and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critical craft, such as it is. [To be Continued.]

Several complete files, of volume I. are for sale.—Price two DOLLARS.

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HISTORY.

Amours & Marriages of the Turks in Cyprus.

FROM MARITI'S TRAVELS.

BEFORE I speak of the marriages of the Turks, I must say a few words concerning their amours. In Cyprus it is altogether impossible for a lover to have any intercourse with his mistress; the women are guarded in the strictest manner; and it would even be considered as a crime were they to be found in company with their intended husband. This pleasure they never enjoy until the moment of their union. Love, in eastern climates, exceeds all bounds, and has in it something of madness, extravagance, and folly. A lover who wishes to convince his mistress with what raptures she inspires him, passes and re-passes twenty times a day before her windows; sings amorous songs and holds in his hand a poniard, which he brandishes in a thousand different forms. Soon after, he applies the point to his arm or breast, makes a small incision, and draws back the weapon in such a manner that this slight puncture becomes a pretty large wound. If the fair recluse is not near enough to observe these bloody declarations of his passion, he hopes to be able one day to shew her his scars. The Greeks themselves, servile imitators of the Turks, are not altogether exempt from these follies. It would be very curious to see the return which the women make to these singular testimonies. Theirs no doubt are equally ridiculous; but they are not observed.

The Turks may take three kinds of wives, with whom they are permitted to live, and who are each distinguished by a particular name. They have lawful wives, chebins, and slaves. They marry the first, cohabit with the second, on giving them a certain allowance, and purchase the third.

They never see their spouses, or lawful wives but on the day of their marriage: they are allowed four whom they may marry at the same time, and keep in their houses. The Cadi, who in such cases discharges the office of notary, registers the contract; and one of the principal clauses always is, to assign the women a certain settlement, though she often brings with her a very small dowry. The husband then mounts on horseback; and accompanied by his relations and friends, goes to the mosques; where, after he has offered up a prayer, the Iman blesses and confirms the contract.

These preliminaries here form a part of the divine law. The new married woman is then conducted to the house of her husband; and the latter, on his return from the mosque, takes off the veil with which her head is covered: by this, giving her to understand, that in like manner he will strip her of that modesty which is peculiar to her

sex. When this is done, he suffers her to partake of some refreshment, and to amuse herself with the women, while he does the same with his friends; and in the evening they both retire to their apartment.

With the Chebins they are not under the necessity of observing so many formalities: They only go before a judge and enter into a simple contract, in which is mentioned the time that the Chebin is to remain in the service of the man, the sum that he is to pay her, and his obligation to maintain all the children, whose legitimacy and right of succession are fully acknowledged.

The number of slaves that a man may keep is not limited, he may proportion it to the size of his habitation, and the extent of his fortune; and he enters into no further contract than that of the purchase. The children are maintained by the father; but if he does not mention them in his will, and expressly specify what he means to leave them, they have no legal claim, and must trust to the generosity of the real heir.

When a Turk is tired of his lawful wife, he has no occasion to convict her of any fault, to procure a divorce; but he is obliged to allow her the settlement stipulated in the contract, and to give her back her dowry. Should he, however, have any just cause for being displeased with her, and if he sues for a separation in consequence of some crime, his obligations are void, and dismisses her with ignominy. In both cases the children must be provided for by the husband. The woman cannot enter into any new engagement until four months after the divorce. The intention of this regulation is, that it may be known whether she be with child or not—for if she is, she must live single until she is delivered; and then the child is committed to the care of its real father.

If the two parties, after a divorce, wish to come together again, it is absolutely necessary that the woman should have been previously married to another. She then has liberty to return, provided the said husband does not wish to detain her. In most cases of this kind, the first husband takes care to get some friend to espouse the divorced woman; which removes every obstacle, and renders the union easy.

Women in Turkey cannot obtain a divorce without some reason assigned. They are authorised to demand one when the husband suffers them to want food; when he does not admit them to his bed at least once in eight days; and when he refuses them money to go to the bath. The husband is then obliged to separate from his wife, to restore her dowry, and to take care of the children.

To all female slaves, a separation of this kind is forbidden: Want of food alone can entitle them to sue for it; and in that case they are immediately sold to another.

VARIETY.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following singular notice from a Worcester Post-rider, is copied from the *National Aegis*. "George Washington Webb, (Post-rider from Worcester to Northampton) solicits the serious and candid attention of each of his customers, who are indebted to him for more than one quarter's newspapers, to that portion of scripture, which may be found recorded in the latter clause of the 28th ver. of the 18th chap. of the gospel, according to St. Matthew—"Pay me what thou owest."

In discoursing from these words, it is the intention of the preacher to make no *division* of his matter—to have nothing to do with *notes*, except bank-notes—and to treat the subject neither logically, nor metaphysically, nor scripturally, nor religiously, nor morally, nor physically—but *peremptorily*!—As he has a mortal aversion to *long-winded* people, ever since he began to collect newspaper accounts, he will be as brief as a lawyer's summons, and leaving his text to explain itself, come directly to the IMPROVEMENT.

Beloved brethren! Harken unto me, and attend to the words of my mouth! Pay the Post-rider quickly, when thou art in the way with him—lest at any time the Post-rider deliver thy account to the attorney, and the attorney bring thee before the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence, until thou hast paid the utmost farthing!!"

[The following fact ought to be recorded in every paper, as a monitory lesson: In this occurrence the hand of Providence must be visible to every capacity.] *Bal.*

LAST Saturday morning, a Mr. W—, of this city, arose before his wife, and had breakfast prepared, and even the tea poured out ready for drinking against she came down. Just as they were seated, a rap called him to the door. While he was there, happening to taste her tea, she found it too sweet for her, and therefore exchanged her cup for his, he being in the habit of drinking his tea sweeter than she was. He returned, swallowed the contents of his cup somewhat hastily, when looking earnestly at the sediment, he turned to her with a face of horror, and asked if she had changed the cup? Being answered in the affirmative, than I am gone, said he, and died in less than two hours. [*Ev. Post.*]

To CORRESPONDENTS.

A number of communications are recieved, and shall be attended to as soon as convenient.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

A LOVE NARRATION,

By Teague M. Teague, jun.

HONEST Teague is my name, from Killarney I came;

To leave my dear country, I thought it no shame:
And I think it no sin to call Ireland my home!

Tho' a blubb'ring, and bothersome fellow I be,
'Tis a shame to be fool'd—as you'll presently see;
When, in writing, my jewels, I tell it to ye:

One night, in a caper, I blunder'd along;
I thought it no harm to be humming a song:
For I felt myself bless'd!—& myself was not wrong;

It chanc'd, as I pass'd by a door down the street,
The sound of a noise did my lugs loudly meet—
So I stepp'd in the house the confusion to greet!

But, L—d! when I enter'd, I was in a dump;
I felt stupid and dull, like a tree or a stump!
And I thought, by my troth, that my head was a lump!

There was five or six Ladies, so handsome & neat,
With dim-sparkling eyes, and with faces so sweet:
By my shoul I had like to fall dead at their feet!

Teague, what's to be done? quoth I, to myself,
Tho' you'd wish to be off—you can't go like an elf;
So must stay, and be speaking a word for yourself.

Thus thinking, I made a long stride, like a king;
Most bowingly stepp'd to a bonny wee thing;
And nobly propos'd to accept of her ring!

"My ring," she replied, "is a pledge of love's smart!
Without true affection I won't with it part,
If you take it, kind sir, pray return me your heart!"

When she spoke those sweet words I felt very glad,
And grim care, which so often had made me look sad,
Now vanish'd away from the blyth Irish lad!!!

By the whack of my coggel! thought I, Erin's boy,
You hae come to a market where care wont annoy!
My heart jump'd so high—I was love-sick with joy!

Och, I look'd very big; and I said with a smile,
Your charms, my dear Angel, my reason beguile;
And for your own sake I would die, for a while!

But if you, my dear, will of marriage partake,
And love my dear self, for your own dearest sake,
I am at your service, asleep or awake!!

As wife I will take you—for have one I must—
Altho' I do own its a cumbersome trust;
Yet the laws of our Maker, assert it is just.

From your kindness much comfort I hope to derive;
To acquire muckle fortune, I'll cheerfully strive;
And I swear I'll live with you both dead and alive!

She bashfully hemm'd, and said "Sir, agreed:
To do a good thing, we had better make speed;
And, I candidly hope, I shall ne'er rue the deed."

Then I neigh'd, like a cow; and I skip'd, like an ass!
And said, no more words on this subject shall pass—
Straightway to the Parson I'll lead thee, my lass.

So we gayly trudg'd on to the Parson's, d'ye see—
No man on creation more happy than me;
But that cursed Miss Fortune frustrated my glee:

Miss Chance led us on near the sign of the Bull;
Biddy scar'd at his horns, and gave me a pull!
Och! I could not retain her, my heart was so full!

Then homeward she scamper'd, as swift as a horse,
And I follow'd after as pale as a corse:
Och home to my shoul! but I felt rather worse.

I could not o'ercome, till herself stopped fair;
Says I bad-luck, my jewel, what made you so scare,
At so silly a thing as a Bull in the air!

"Ha! ha!" she loud shouted, "what wonderful fun?
It pleases me more than a joke or a pun:
Begone you dull booby with you I have done!"

"Eye, simpleton, fool, did you think it was true,
That I the dear nuptial forms would go through,
With so senseless and bother'd a fellow as you!"

So finding they merely had made me the butt!
I steer'd to an Inn, where I shuffel'd and cut;
Lost my mony, got drunk, and my peepers did shut.

From the "COMPANION."

BALLAD.

HARK! the tempest's angry roar!
Sleep, affrighted, flies from Nancy;
Some one taps her cottage door,
Pleasing thoughts rush on her fancy.

Now her heart is all alarms,
Quick she flies, her bosom beating;
While with eager, outstretch'd arms,
Her lov'd Ben, she thinks she's meeting.

"To this longing heart once more,
Ah my love! and shall I hold thee?
Happy on thy native shore,
Shall these arms again enfold thee?"

Fancy, all her bosom warms—
Now she hears his tender greeting;
Now she opens wide her arms,
Fondly his lov'd name repeating.

"Come my love the wind blows cold,
Fast the rain falls, pouring on thee;
Let me thy dear form behold,
Haste, it is thy true love calls thee!"

Mark the quick successive sighs,
Nancy's wretched bosom rending;
From the lovely mourner's eyes,
See the tears of grief descending.

Trembling now with anxious fears,
Wild, she calls upon her lover;
Now his well known voice she hears,
On the breeze it seems to hover—

"Lovely Nancy grieve no more,
Still thy bosom's sad emotion;
Weeping cannot Ben restore,
He lies buried in the ocean!"

"Soon alas! thy joys are fled,
Soon thy promis'd bliss is over;
In his cold and wat'ry bed,
Wretched Nancy seek thy lover."

Frantic to the beach she flew,
Wild and breathless with emotion;
Louder still the tempest grew,
Higher swell'd the waves of ocean.

Fiercer storms distract her mind,
Still she hears him in her fancy;
Whispering on the passing wind,
"Whither stays my lovely Nancy?"

Surges lash the affrighted shore,
Nancy hears their loud commotion;
Then upon her Ben once more
Call'd and plung'd into the ocean.

LEANDER.

MORAL.

IMPROVE YOURSELVES, AND INSTRUCT YOUR CHILDREN.

THE long evenings of fall and winter are too generally fooled or wasted away, without useful improvement, or real enjoyment; not only by the young and thoughtless; but by the more aged and sedate.—This ought not to be so. These evenings are perhaps the most favorable opportunities the greater part of the community have for obtaining and affording instruction. They ought to be devoted to serious conversation, and sound and solid reading; that both the heart may be improved and the mind informed. Heads of families, through the country, ought every evening to call around them all who are under their government, to encourage them to the practice of virtue and the acquisition of knowledge—to warn them of the least deviation from truth or rectitude; to caution them against the too prevalent vices of swearing, gaming, and intoxication; to instil into them a love of country, a veneration for her institutions, a devotion to her service; to inspire them with a spirit of industry, frugality and simplicity; and to endeavor to fit them for acting their several parts through life with honor to themselves, their connexions, and their birth-place. And to make these instructions and admonitions effectual, let them be enforced by example. How much good might be done to ourselves, and to the rising generation, through our extensive country, in one winter, were the evenings spent as they might and ought to be!

One Dollar Reward.

LOST, on Sunday evening last, between Witmer's Bridge and Binkley's Mill, on the road leading to Strasburgh, a green Umbrella.—Whoever has found the same, and delivers it to the printers of this paper, shall receive the above reward.

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